

## The Evening World.

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## ON THE SKIRTS OF POLITICS.



At the end of the old Brooklyn Bridge work has been going on for some time on the subway connections over which the new municipal building is to stand. The bills for the land are now coming in, amounting so far to some \$8,000,000.

In this case of the claims the Sire brothers are an illustration of the way the city is mulcted on land purchases.

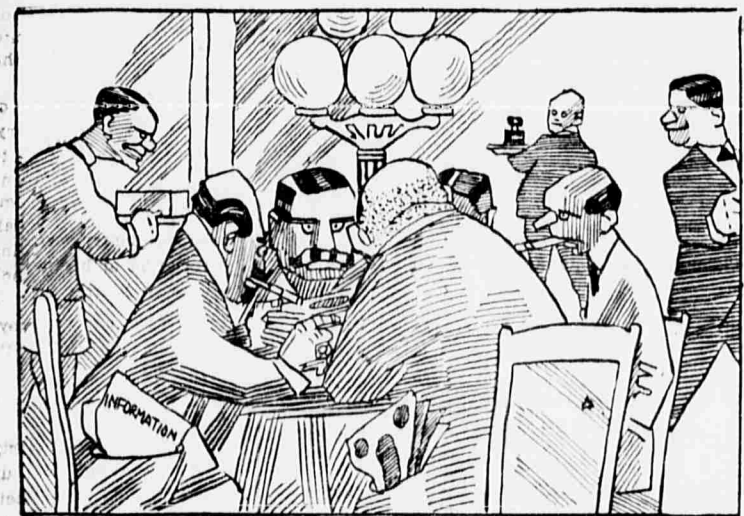
Before the terminal site was announced to the public, somebodies, not necessarily mind readers, knew what the Bridge Department and the Board of Estimate would do.

Among the somebodies were the Sire brothers. Before the property owners knew for certain that their property would be taken the Sires had a lot of dummies buy it. These dummies mortgaged the property to other dummies until the mortgages alone amounted to more than the purchase price.

Workmen, scrubwomen and other employees appeared as property owners and mortgagees.

Most of the buildings on Chambers and Reade streets, City Hall place and Park Row which were to be acquired for the bridge terminals had little value. They were old and the rentals were not profitable. The only likely purchaser was the city, and whether the city would purchase depended upon the kind of terminal plans.

The Sire brothers belong to that class of New York's citizens who make a profitable living on the outskirts of politics. They are never candidates for office. They do not go to conventions or take part in primaries. But whenever there is anything going on like what George Washington Plunkitt called honest graft they know how to raise the money to handle the job, and they take care that their share in the profits shall be big.



Men like these are the wine openers at the barrooms and lobster palaces where politicians gather. They always dress well. They are a little too prone to diamond buttons, pins and studs, to jewelry more lavish than is accepted good taste, but what is the use of having money unless you can spend it, and what is the good of spending it unless it makes a noise?

Without putting up more than \$200,000 in cash the Sire brothers acquired sixteen lots, worth perhaps \$50,000 a lot on a liberal estimate. Then they put in a bill to the city for 150% profit, charging as high as \$250,000 a lot.

To make a million dollars' profit in a few months on an investment of less than \$200,000 is the kind of transaction that old Father Knickerbocker regularly stands for.

This profit would come near paying for the whole Maine lobster crop, with the wages of the cooks to do the broiling and the produce of a moderate sized French vineyard to wash it down. That is, assuming that the wine openers open real champagne, which is not always the case. For notwithstanding the enormous increase in White Way wine openers, the imports of French champagne are diminishing, according to the Custom House reports.

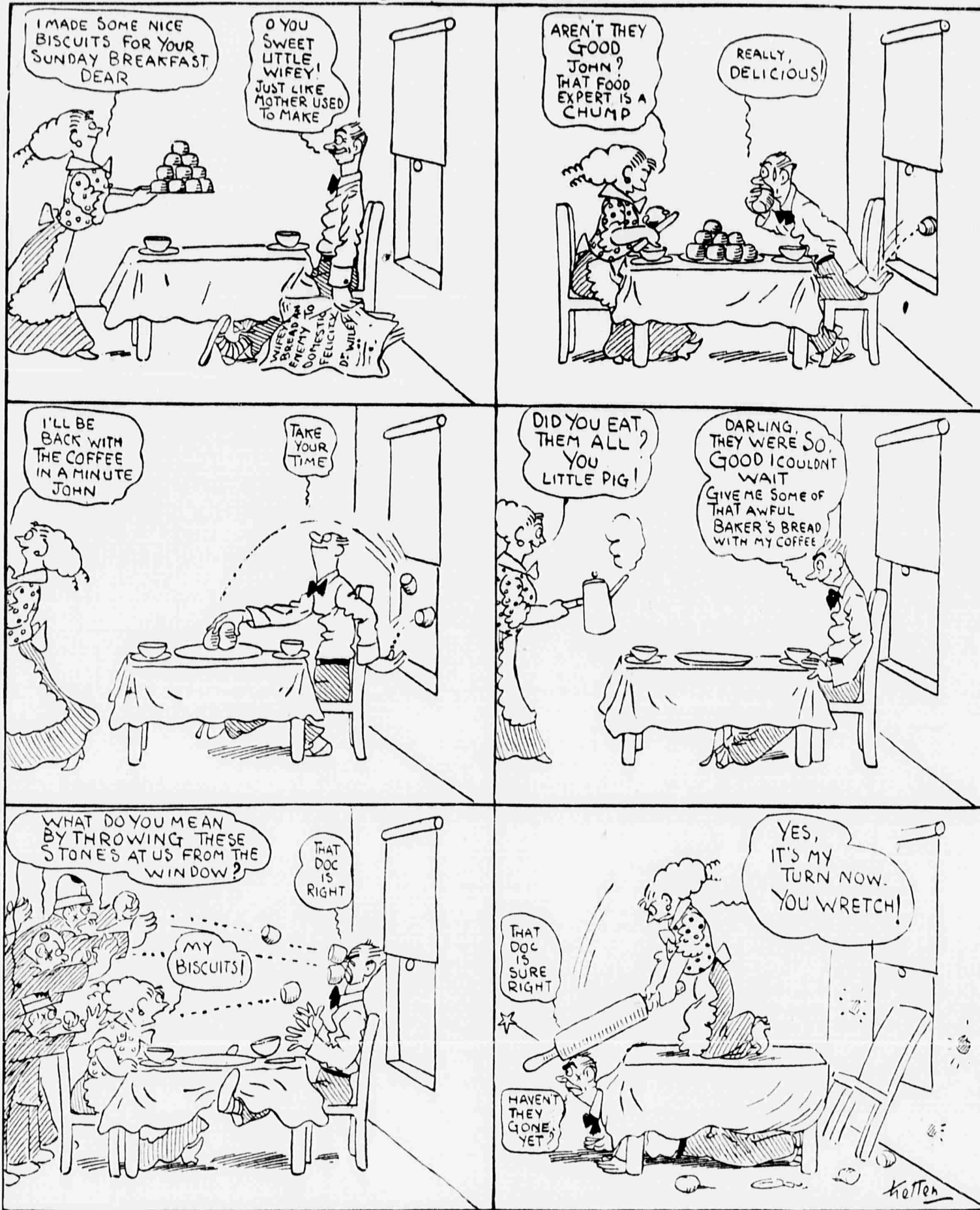
If all the people whose rents are raised every time taxes are increased could have a view of the way in which the Sire brothers and the others like them spend what comes out of the New York City treasury it would be an object lesson even if it did not have any other result.

What becomes of a community where facts like this arouse more envy than indignation?



## The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Kette.



## Children Are Disgustingly Like Grown People, Aren't They?

## Mr. Jarr Fails to Draw a Moral From This Interesting Fact

By Roy L. McCardell.



Roy L. McCardell.

"In every small town," said Mr. Jarr, arousing from a reverie, "there is always some little, skinny man, generally the local druggist or photographer, who wears a black skull cap, summer or winter, doesn't drink or smoke and, in a sneaky, respectable way is the town gossip and—"

"Has the heat affected your brain?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "What have we got to do with small towns and druggists and photographers that wear skull caps?"

"I was just thinking of men in skull caps of that kind; there's one in every small town, and the fine old, dear old, grand old Colonial mansions where the proud old families lived in great elegance minus bath-rooms and—"

"I think it's about time you stopped drinking or took your vacation, or both," said Mrs. Jarr. "If anybody heard you they'd think you were crazy!"

"Well, it's skeletons of defunct thought like those that dance and rattle through our brains when we sit alone and think," said Mr. Jarr. "Nobody speaks them aloud. I suppose, but crazy people, but one thing sure, everybody thinks them."

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "I do not think about skeletons or defunct thoughts or any of that sort of nonsense."

Just then Mrs. Kittlingly came breezing in.

"You'll excuse my intruding," she said, "but I was down town to-day and I took the liberty of buying some books and paper dolls for the children. They are such good little dears and so quiet!"

Mrs. Jarr, giving a side glance at Mr. Jarr to see if he gave any signs of having again, thanked Mrs. Kittlingly effusively, as did Mr. Jarr.

"There now!" said Mrs. Jarr, after the visitor had departed. "You never think of bringing the children home a thing, and strangers notice them more than their own father. You may talk as you please about Mrs. Kittlingly, and she may be a little gay, but she's good-hearted and is so fond of children!"

"Most people are that haven't any," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I don't care, it was nice of her, and these things will make the children so happy, bless their hearts!" said Mrs. Jarr.

The children, bless their hearts, were in the dining-room quiet as mice, looking out of the window at a parrot on a neighboring fire escape. Mrs. Jarr called them in to receive the gifts.

"They are all for me, ain't they mamma? Emma isn't to have any, is she?" began the little boy, grabbing everything.

At this the little girl commenced to scream and began to pull everything out of the little boy's hands.

"I want that book, that's my book!" screamed the little girl.

"Willie, give the book to your sister!" said Mr. Jarr sternly.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I never saw a child like Emma. If she sees Willie wants a thing she's just determined to have it!"

"You give him the book!" said Mr. Jarr to the little girl. "He's a big cry baby, and you take the paper dolls!"

But little Emma declared she didn't want the paper dolls, and the little boy immediately seized upon them, whereat she threw the book at him and grabbed for them.

"Here," said Mr. Jarr, "I'll divide the books and paper dolls and you children each take half. Now go in the next room and play, like good children!"

The division being made, each child wanting what the other got but refusing to make exchanges, they withdrew into the dining-room and promptly began to scream and tear things from each other.

Mrs. Jarr, after many warnings and entreaties, finally was compelled to go into the dining-room and take all the presents away from the children and lock them up. Whereat both children began to bawl at the top of their lungs and had to be whipped.

"Lovely of Mrs. Kittlingly, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "The children were happy without anything and getting along finely together!"

"Oh, you shut up!" said Mrs. Jarr. "They never get anything from you!"

"How like grown-ups!" mused Mr. Jarr—"happy in poverty, but given the good things of life they are not content with a share, but fight for all!"

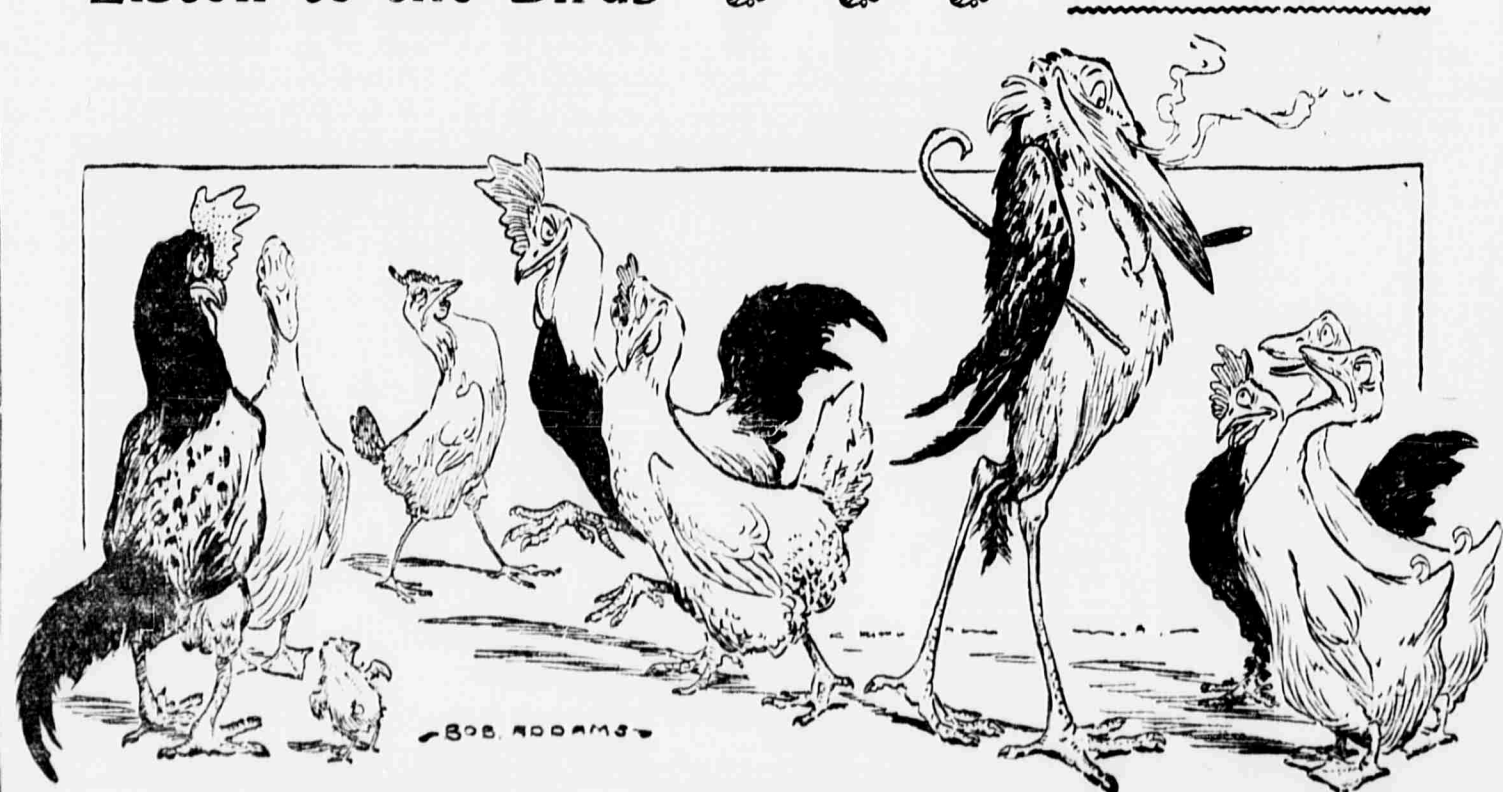
"I guess you would like to see them wearing skull caps and having defunct thoughts!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You go on out and leave me to manage them!"

## Literary Towns.

THE town of Kipling has just blossomed out in Canada, where there is only one town of Shakespeare. The nearest United States comes to having a Shakespeare on the map is the town of Shakespeare, in Oregon, says the Memphis Commercial Appeal. For some inscrutable reason the great English dramatist was never popular among the new town names in North America, although we have in the United States thirty Miltons, three Goldsmiths, four Dickenses, thirty-odd Scotts, twenty Byrons, two Tennysons and one Thackeray. Notwithstanding all the Browning clubs, there isn't a Browning on the American map.

## Listen to the Birds

By Bob Addams



MRS. WYANDOTTE—GRACIOUS! THAT MUST BE "BIG BILL" WE HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT!

## Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

## NO. 11—KING JAMES AND JOAN BEAUFORT.

AN eleven-year-old Scotch boy was captured in 1405 by English officials as he was on his way to France to be educated. The boy was James, only living son of King Robert III. of Scotland. England and Scotland were forever quarrelling with each other. So the capture of the latter country's little crown prince was looked on as a master stroke of diplomacy. Robert III. died the next year, after trying in vain to persuade the English King to set his son free. The lad at twelve became James I. of Scotland, and remained eighteen years longer as a prisoner in England.

The English treated the boy kindly. The best tutors were provided for him. He was also taught the warlike accomplishments without which no thirteenth century youth's education was complete. The prisoner king as he grew to manhood won fame as an athlete and as a poet. Once as he stood looking down from the window of his castle prison he saw a tall, beautiful girl wandering among the roses and lilies in the garden below. At first sight the lonely man was attracted by her loveliness, and he became henceforth her devoted slave. So eloquently did he plead his suit that the maiden soon returned his love.

She was Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset and kinswoman to the English King Henry IV. In her honor James wrote a poem entitled "Ye Kingis Quhair" ("The King's Booklet"), and he consecrated his life to her service. Now a match between these two was just what England most desired. It would form a bridge between the two rival countries and would, perhaps, make English and Scotch friends. So James and Joan were permitted to marry. Their wedding was celebrated in February, 1421. Then England allowed the Scotch to ransom their captive king for \$200,000, and the young couple, rejoicing in their freedom, journeyed north to rejoin their Scottish. Their descendant, James VI. of Scotland, was destined to become James I. of England, and thus unite the two kingdoms.

The newly released monarch found his kingdom in a terrible condition. The country was ruler and more lawless than England. It was overrun with corrupt politics. The powerful nobles oppressed the poor and took to themselves almost royal privileges. Laws were ill-enforced. Everywhere the hand of a master was urgently needed. James had a tremendously difficult task before him. Those who looked on him only as a dreamy, love-sick poet thought he would be content to let matters rest as they were.

But they were mistaken. With an iron hand he subdued the haughty nobles, crushed misrule, put traitors to death, made wise laws and in countless ways built up the country and reformed its government. For twelve years he and Joan reigned. Under their rule the land prospered. But the nobles hated the King who had deprived them of their power. A number of these nobles at last conspired against him. The leader of the conspiracy was Sir Robert Graham. With a band of assassins, Graham planned to seize and murder the King at the first safe opportunity.

James and Joan with their children and a small party of attendants rode to Perth to spend Christmas at the monastery there. On the road thither a wild-eyed old Highland woman who had the name of being a prophetess threw herself in front of the King and implored him to turn back, declaring that he rode to his death. James, against his wife's advice, paid no heed to the strange warning. Late that night Graham and his accomplices, with 300 Highland clansmen, surrounded the monastery and broke down its doors. There was a cellar under James's bedchamber. In this vault the King and Joan were thrust by their faithful servants. So Catherine Douglas, one of Joan's maids of honor, passed her arm through the iron loops that had held the bars. She heroically kept her arm there until it was broken by the pressure of the assassins' shoulders from the outside. Then Graham and his men burst into the room. They found the trapdoor leading to the vault and sprang upon the doomed monarch. Joan threw herself between her husband and his foes and was wounded by a sword thrust. The King fought gallantly and slew two of his assailants before he was overcome and murdered.

Joan amply avenged his death. She had the country scoured for the assassins, and as each was caught and put to death by horrible torture she whispered the captured man's name in the ear of her dead husband.

The last seized was the leader, Sir Robert Graham. This name Joan did not whisper, but shouted it in triumph over James's coffin.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

## Broadway Mythology.

By Ann Evans.

Danae was looked in a brash, lower Jupiter, king of gods, became enamored of her, and wooed her in many guises, vainly until he fell about her in a shower of gold. The device won her.

How? The Panhard trembled with suppressed emotion at the stage door as Jupiter stood under an umbrella in the rain and rubbed a \$15 topper to rescue a "longhair" hat.

Rain? He had it! That old shower of gold did the business in 190 B. C. It was about due for a magnificent revival.

The shower began. Roses sprinkled, conventional. He took his beefsteak, rare, with mushrooms, and then dined in an orchestra chair till Danae came on to say her three lines in the second act. For that he always sat up and pined.

The "band" which always greeted the words, "Poor Lady Danae! Her reputation is compromised!" made the leading lady furious and added nothing to Danae's popularity with the show. For these reasons it made no hit with Danae, whose heart was in "the business."

Jupiter could not understand why the girl refused to fall for either love, lobsers or loot. To him an "actress" meant a motor-mad bacchant.

He had learned that Danae was ambitious, and he was prepared to combat the disadvantage of a double chin with a double cheque. But his Jovian brow was beating a rapid retreat over the top of his head, with only a few stray hairs to mark where they fell; and his once all-powerful nod now produced no effect more startling than a waiter with the bill.

As success delayed, Jupiter's ardor waxed, and he was quite ready to commit matrimony to win her.

He was still amusing himself throwing sticks, at last accounts.

Jupiter in the Rain.

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